Gob. Be Gods sonties 'twill be a hard way to hit, can you tell me whether one *Launcelet* that dwels with him, dwell with him or no.

Launcelet. Talke you of young Master *Launcelet*, marke mee nowe, now will I raise the vvaters; talke you of young Master *Launcelet*.

Gobbo. No Master sir, but a poore mans Sonne, his Father though, I say't is an honest exceeding poore man, and God bee thanked well to live.

Launc. Well, let his Father be what a will, we talke of young Master *Launcelet*.

Gob. Your vvorships friend and *Launcelet* sir.

Launc. But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talke you of young Master *Launcelet*?

Gob. Of *Launcelet* ant shall please your worship.

Launc. *Ergo*, Master *Launcelet*, talke not of Master *Launcelet* Father, for the young Gentleman according to Fates and Destenies, and such odd sayings, the Sisters three, and such branches of learning, is indeede deceased, or as you would say in plaine termes, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid, the boy was the very staffe of my age, my very prop.

Launc. Doe I looke like a cudgell, or a hovell post, a staffe, or a prop: doe you know me Father?

Gobbo. Alacke the day, I knowe you not young Gentleman, but I pray you tell mee, is my boy, God rest his soule, alive or dead.

Launc. Doe you not know me Father?

Gob. Alack sir I am Sand-blind, I know you not.

Launcelet. Nay, indeede if you had your eyes you might faile of the knowing of me: it is a wise Father that knowes his owne childe. VVell, old man, I will tell you newes of your Sonne, give mee your blessing, truth will come to light, murder cannot bee hidde long, a mans Sonne may, but in the ende, truth will out.

Gobbo. Pray you sir stand up, I am sure you are not *Launcelet* my boy.

Launce. Pray you let's have no more fooling, about it, but give mee

mee your blessing: I am *Lau*
that is, your childe that shall
Gob. I cannot thinke you
Launc. I know not what
Launcelet the Iewes man, and
mother.
Gob. Her name is *Marge*
Launcelet, thou art mine ow
might he be, what a beard ha
on thy chinne, then Dobbin
Launc. It should seeme t
ward. I am sure he had more
face when I last saw him.
Gob. Lord how art thou
ster agree, I have brought hi
Launc. Well, well, but fo
rest to run away, so I will no
my Master's a very Iewe, gi
am famisht in his service. Y
my ribs: Father I am glad y
one Master *Bassanio*, who in
serve not him, I will runne a
fortune, here comes the man
serve the Iewe any longer.

Enter Bassanio

Bas. You may doe so, but
dy at the farthest by fiue of t
put the Liveries to making,
my lodging.
Launc. To him Father.
Gob. God blesse your wo
Bass. Gramercie, would
Gob. Heere's my Sonne s
Launc. Not a poore boy
sir, as my Father shall specifi
Gob. He hath a great inf
Laun. Indeede the short
have a desire as my Father sh

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